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PUBLIC ART ISSUE

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UNO ROCKIN'CHICONKY,
JOHNMARK WILEY**COVER ART: B.HILVITZ***Our Preamble...*

To the fine people of Pueblo and surrounding areas, we come before you to present an alternative view of our little city, one that explores and celebrates the home-grown, independent, sometimes eccentric and often unnoticed. Our goal is to uplift, inform, and inspire as we embark on this voyage of art, culture and community endeavors as well as freedom of the press. As we all know, one can not have good without bad, pleasure without pain, or a paper without some squished toes or ruffled feathers ...but, please bear in mind we do this out of the love we have for Pueblo, our collective home. We hope you enjoy our rag!

*Your always loving Publisher***AND NOW ON WITH THE SHOW!****Letters to the Editor**

Dear P.U.L.P Readers,

This being the first issue, frankly there isn't much – as a matter of fact, anything - to put into these columns of feedback, just yet. So we are taking this opportunity to invite all literate, and maybe not so literate suggestions, ideas and opinions on this and future issues. Of course being in the publishing game, and spending vast amounts of money and resources drinking champagne and gallivanting about town, we will not be able to print, much less respond to every query, but atop our mighty throne of a barstool, we will be happy to reply to a few select submissions.

We would prefer that you use your real name to lend credibility to said 'suggestions and ideas', otherwise we may mistake you for some wise-ass with nothing better to do, and with way too much time on your hands! We do want to encourage thoughtful prose and suggestions that will help us better our work here in the P.U.L.P offices, or at least give us and our fellow readers a few laughs. Agreeing to the above terms, please send your letters to: **Letters to the Editor: Pueblo P.U.L.P, P.O. Box 102, Pueblo, Colo. 81002 or letters@puebloupulp.com**

Thanks you!

*P.S. Smoke bombs, rotten tomatoes, and small puppies will NOT be accepted. The post office wouldn't see the humor in it.***pontificate • parlay • persuade • participate • preview • ponder****Visit WWW.PUEBLOPULP.COM for advertising rates and set-up specs.**

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THE PUBLICATION WITH THE EVER CHANGING ACRONYM

P.U.L.P. EDITORIAL

Welcome to P.U.L.P.

Do you think our little town and surrounds of over 100,000 might be suffering from a little cultural lethargy? Then maybe you'll like what you'll find in our humbly ambitious little rag.

Practically, with two feet firmly planted on the dusty prairie, we hope to provide a medium for listing and promoting the many small events and independent venues hosting the artists and musicians that are making their unique contribution to a rich quality of life in our community.

More abstractly, at least one foot chillin' in the loamy Arkansas, through our articles, commentary, and graphic content, we hope to share a vision of community that is built on the cultural life and vitality of Pueblo, and that emphasizes the local, homegrown, small, independent, and unique, over the faceless, corporate, large, commercially anodyne and popular.

The Public Art Issue

In this inaugural issue we take a look at Public Art in Pueblo; not merely from an empirical lay of the land, map of the city, or documentary of art installations, but from the perspective for which we chose to engage in this publishing endeavor.

The Levee Project is very clearly the most visible public art installation in Pueblo, if not necessarily the best understood. What is it? Who does it? And why?

The Levee murals represent the creative energy that resides in Pueblo just below the official attention span. Its initiators, as you can read in our cover story, were considered outlaws. Now the Levee is not only acceptable in a legal-social context,

but has become a public art project with world-wide notoriety.

When does a public, home-grown, underground, renegade expression of creative energy become acceptable as art and not merely defined as vandalism? How does the spirit of a Levee Mural Project compare to a HARP-Riverwalk Project? One project homegrown in a spirit of anarchy, having evolved into an expression of a populist and diverse creative energy; the other directed from the top down with apparent overriding attention to commercial or economic maximization that occasionally trims the corners on aesthetic and community spirit considerations.

Public expression has recently been in the news with the story of a local high school drama teacher who was removed from her school by administrators for having co-authored with a student, a play with controversial content. Freedom of expression and the contribution of art and culture, particularly in the public sphere, is surely a negotiation in understanding. It's not and probably shouldn't be about compromise, but is about opening one's mind and heart to experience that is not our own.

Through subject matter covered in this issue, you'll find the controversial and perhaps iconic figures of the art world, Christo and Jeanne Claude, as representing one end of the public art spectrum, along with graffiti artists, representing the other end. And yet, one could ask, why are these points the defining ends of the public art spectrum? And it comes to this: public approval or rejection. Christo and Jeanne Claude work through every requirement of every governing public body in order to have their work installed and exhibited. The graffiti artist or vandal – depending on one's perspective – installs and practices de facto public art with neither permission nor public discussion. And one of the ideas that struck me in editing this issue is that perhaps the most vital contribution made by

public art comes as it resides in a temporal zone that is best expressed in a realm between the worlds of visual art and performance art.

Is it important to the graffiti artist that her work remain visible indefinitely? On a vanity level absolutely; on an ego level it's probably a nice idea; but on an artistic level it's all about the act of creation – in the case of the graffitist, a clandestine and illegal activity that surely attaches those particular psychic and emotional energies to its practice.

Similarly, the work of Christo and Jeanne Claude is recorded for posterity; but their installations are merely that – time-limited installations. They have a period of exhibition and then they're gone. The act of proposing large public works of art, engaging in discussion, seeking approval and to some extent courting controversy are part of the artistic process itself, and are legitimate practices and acts of these artists. The temporal nature of the installations themselves is an integral element in the practice and experience of their art.

Yet, in another sense the temporal nature of these works – Christo and Jeanne Claude and graffiti artists – might place them on the same end of the spectrum relative to the permanence of a large scale concrete or stone sculpture that is more or less permanently installed like a median on the street. Sculpture installations such as these aren't so much about the artistic process in engaging the public sphere, except in the antecedent public response through reflection and reaction; they are a public art form that is less open to engaging public participation in the artistic process itself.

For both Christo and Jeanne Claude and the graffitists, the process and public response is ever present when viewing and experiencing these works. How do you experience a Christo work without thinking about the years of controversy and publicity surrounding the art? How do you view an image spray painted on a bridge and not think about how someone came out in the middle of the night and could have been arrested?

Perhaps our loosely defined objective with this issue is to open this dialogue that functions as a working symbol for coping with and living well in the wider world on the grandest stage of international issues, relations, and politics. We can disagree on aesthetics, but how we experience ideas outside of our own, how we choose to negotiate with fellow community members when they represent a perspective that challenges our senses of aesthetics or life message, likely determines our ability to build community in a spirit that is free of fear, ignorance, and misunderstanding.

by Alfredo Kemm

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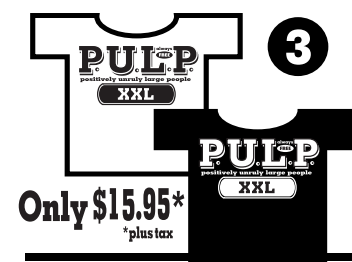
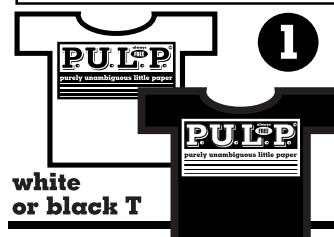
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IN A TOWN NAMED TOWN BY TERRY CALUSHA

IN A TOWN NAMED TOWN...
WRULF (RALPHIE) MARLOWBERGER, THE LAST OF THE BOHEMIAN DETECTIVES, HAS BEEN HIRED BY THE PUBLISHER OF THE TOWN VENDETTA, MR. CITIZEN CANING, TO ROOT OUT ALL OF TOWN'S ART AND MAKE A LIST THEREOF.



IT'S HOPELESS, REALLY - THERE'S NO REAL ART IN TOWN. IF I WASN'T GETTING \$20 A DAY PLUS CIGARETTE MONEY, I'D NEVER SET FORTH ON THIS IMPOSSIBLE SCAVENGER HUNT.

RALPHIE CONTEMPLATES HIS NOBLE STANDARD OF ART AS HE VIGILANTLY SEARCHES.



IF ONLY WE HAD THE REAL STUFF, LIKE "THE LAST SOUPER" & "MADONNA OF THE CHEWING GUM" BY FLEONARDO DUH VINDICTIVE, "DAVID THE FLASHER" BY MICKY BANJELLO OR "WHISTLER'S MOMMA!"

UNBEKNOWNST TO OUR BELOVED RALPHIE, CANING SENDS MATT N. SPADES, CULTURAL INVESTIGATOR, ON A SYNONYMOUS MISSION. I WANT A LIST OF ALL ART IN TOWN: DANCE, THEATER, POULTRY - THE WORKS!!



FOR \$25 A DAY AND COFFEE MONEY, CAN DO!

STARVING ARTIST FROM THE LEFT BANK (OF RANASAW CRICK)

IF I'M EVER TO MAKE IT IN TOWN, I MUST GET MY PAINTINGS ON THAT LIST!

NOT EVEN CITIZEN CANING'S MUG ON HIS MARQUEE WILL MAKE IT ON MY LIST OF ART. GOTTA KEEP IT STRICTLY CLASS.



WHAT TOWN NEEDS IS A GOOD STIFF CANING OF COURSE. I MAY BE STIFF BUT I'M NOT GOOD. NO, I'M BAD, BAD, BAD-(ASSED)!!

I COME ON BEHALF OF THE STARVING ARTISTS' COALITION AND AS THE MOST STARVED CANVAS-STABBER, I WAS WONDERING IF...



GET THAT AWAY FROM ME! I SEARCH FOR ART NOT SCHLOCK OF THE AGES!

IT'S TIME YOU WOULD-BE ARTISTS HAD A LITTLE DOSE OF REALITY!



YOU MEAN I'M NOT GOING TO GET ON YOUR LIST?

MY LIST IS FOR GOOD ART - A LIST SHORT, SWEET AND FULL OF HOODEY!

WHAT DO I NEED TO DO, SIRE? - PRACTICE MY GROVELING?

BAH! YOU DESERVE TO STARVE - BUILDS CHARACTER!

RALPHIE, WHO MANY HAD THOUGHT OF AS A MERE PEON BEFORE THIS NEW JOB, CONTINUES HIS SEARCH IN VAIN.



WHY, OH, WHY HAVE I BEEN STUCK IN THE CREATIVE MORE-ASS OF TOWN? NOWHERE CAN ART BE FOUND!

OH, WRULFIE! YOU MAY NOT PEE ON THE STATUARY - IT'S LEAKY ENOUGH AS IT IS.

SORRY, OFFICER MUTT! I HAVE A WALTZING BLADDER.

MINNE DOES THE TWO-STEP, TOO...

BESIDES, IT'S TRUE: EVERYTHING I DO TURNS TO POO.



OFFICER MUTT, I DISCERN THERE'S ENOUGH OF THE POET IN YOU TO FAKE POULTRY! AFTER ALL, YOU MIGHT BE A CULTURAL CHICKEN IN THE TOGS OF A DAWG!!

WELL, I DO LIKE TO PECK OUT POSTIES AND DOGGEREL. DOES COME EASY...

AS THE SUN FOXTROTS OVER THE WESTERN RIM, OUR TWO CULTURAL DETECTIVES HOOFT IT AGAINST ALL HOPE OF EVER DISCOVERING THE STATE OF ART IN A TOWN NAMED TOWN.



CURSES! I'M RUNNING OUT OF CIGARETTES!

EEK! MY PAINTINGS!

I SHOULD LOOK ON THE UP SIDE: WITH THIS DEARTH OF ART HOW EASY IT SHOULD BE TO PUSH MY OWN. THE LORD PROMOTES THOSE WHO PROMOTE THEMSELVES! YEAH! TIME FOR COFFEE.

WILL THESE TWO MISUNDERSTOOD GENIUSES LEARN OF THEIR SUSPICIOUSLY OVER LAPPING MISSIONS? AND WHAT KA-BLOOEY WOULD COME, SHOULD THEY EVER MEET?

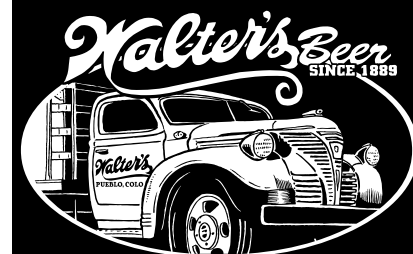
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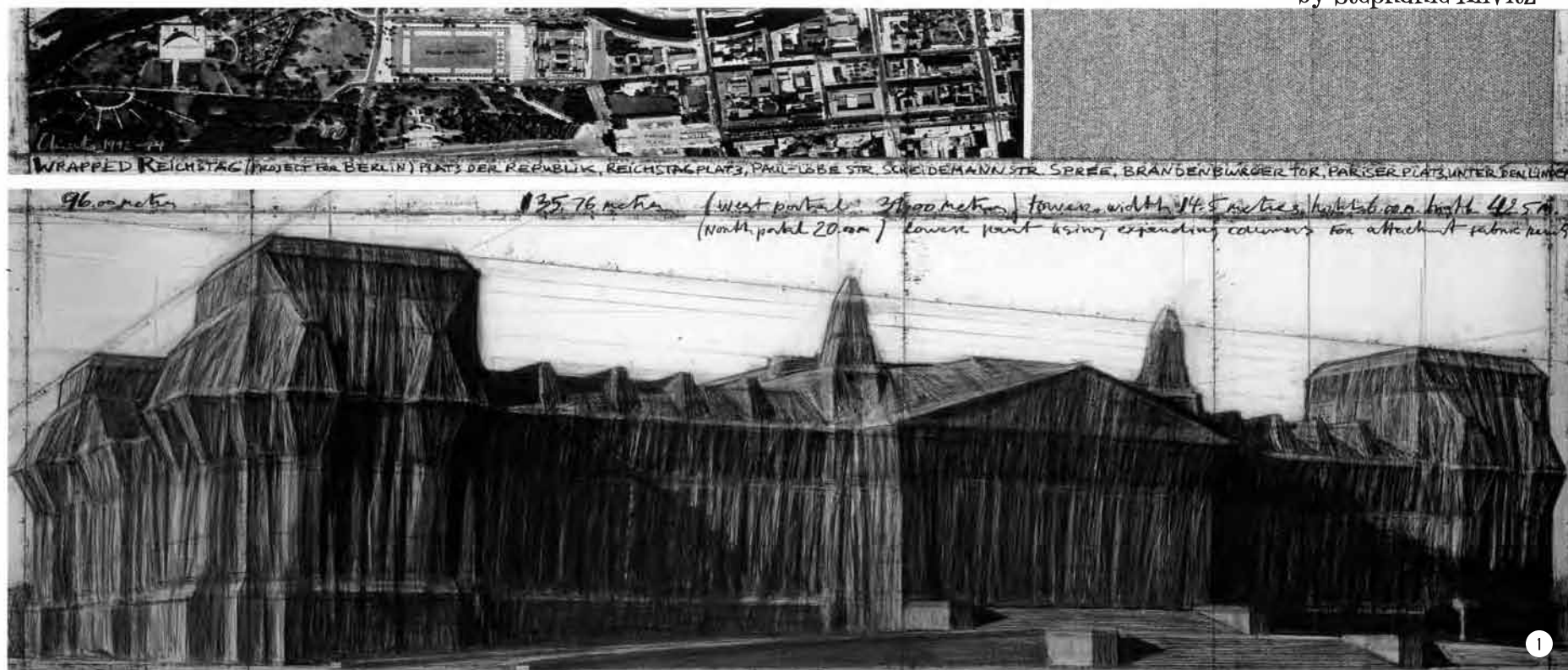
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SHROUDED IN ART: CHRISTO & JEANNE-CLAUDE

by Stephanie Hilvitz



The history

Christo and Jeanne-Claude have been making public art installations since 1961. A few of their most well known works include the suspended nylon curtain across a 1,200-foot valley in Rifle, Colo.; 11 islands in Biscayne Bay, Fla. surrounded with floating mantles of pink polypropylene; constructing a fabric fence 18 feet high and 24.5 miles long across the hilly grasslands of Sonoma and Marin counties, Calif.; wrapping the massive Reichstag in Berlin, Germany, with more than a million square feet of silvery fabric; and, their most recent project, erecting 7,503 vinyl gates hung with billowing saffron-colored fabric along the footpaths in New York's Central Park.

The process

Once a project is conceived it involves the permitting process, years if not decades of meeting with local officials, town councils, property owners and environmental regulators and finding solutions to endless problems and objections, slowly winning over one unbeliever after another until a consensus is reached - from Christo and Jeanne-Claude's point of view, this is an integral part of the artistic process and lends power to the project.



"A thousand people try to help us and a thousand people try to stop us, and this creates energy," Jeanne-Claude says.

The two personally fund all their projects with monies from the sale of Christo's preparatory drawings to collectors, museums and galleries. The artists will not use any volunteer workers; they insist on paying anyone who works on their projects, from the team that conducts the initial site research to the docents that are on-site during the public display of the installation. During the Central Park Gates project, paid monitors worked to answer questions and pass out free fabric samples.

The controversy

The artists are now trying to realize their next project Over the River, which they have been working on since 1992. Based on the description provided by their Website they plan to suspend 5.9 miles of silvery nylon canopies over a 40-mile section of the Arkansas River in Colorado. Motorists driving along Highway 50 will see a shimmering surface billowing in the breeze, while those rafting down the river will pass beneath sections of fabric that will let in both sun and rain.

The artists must obtain permits from federal, state and local agencies, and provide for every possible contingency ranging from the impact of the project on Bighorn Sheep to the disruption of traffic patterns. At the same time, they must solve the many technical problems involved in this huge construction project.



Christo and Jeanne-Claude are working with the Bureau of Land Management to conduct an Environmental Impact Statement in accordance with the National Environmental Policy Act, according to their project director, Jonita Davenport. The artists have completed environmental studies for each of their projects, and the Arkansas River project is no exception.

But is it art?

There are many who do not believe their work is art. Does it have meaning; does it have any permanent, redeeming qualities? To experience their work dispels these questions. The view of the California Running Fence, undulating and following the contour of the land, the light at various times of day, the human touch upon the natural world; the Central Park Gates, that saffron fabric igniting with a luminous light - the only color in the wintry gray urban landscape. Both these experiences entice people to discuss art, bringing their opinions to the table - people who before this experience had never had a conversation about art. Is this not what art should do?



1)
 Wrapped Reichstag, Project for Berlin
 Drawing, 1992-1994, in two parts. Pencil, charcoal, pastel, crayon, aerial photograph and fabric sample, 38 x 244 and 106.6 x 244cm
 New York, Collection
 Jeanne-Claude Christo

2)
 Christo and Jeanne-Claude in October 1988, during the staking of the locations in Japan for The Umbrellas, Japan -USA, Ibaraki, Japan Site
 Photo by Wolfgang Volz

3)
 Over the River, Project for the Arkansas River, Colorado
 Drawing, 1992
 Pencil, charcoal, pastel and crayon, 106.6 x 165cm
 New York, Collection
 Jeanne-Claude Christo

4)
 Over the River, Project for the Arkansas River, Colorado
 Drawing, 1992
 Pencil, charcoal, pastel and crayon, 106.6 x 165cm
 New York, Collection
 Jeanne-Claude Christo

P.U.L.P. would like to extend their greatest thanks to Christo, Jeanne-Claude and Miles Graham, for making this piece possible and Wolfgang Voltz for his photographs, as well as Bruce Hilvitz and Stephanie Hilvitz for putting it all together.

visit, Stephanie's blog @ rodrigvitzstyle.typepad.com

**Please support
 Over the River**



By Danielle Cunningham

photos by Adam Gazzola

Graffiti, street art, urban décor. Whatever it is, graffiti permeates populated areas from here to Helsinki. And don't assume small towns are exempt. Pueblo's underside expresses itself nightly by both amateurs armed with Sharpies and skilled spray paint marksmen. A mélange of taggers, wannabees and adrenaline junkies unfurl arsenals of creative ego onto sidewalks, beneath bridges - upon virtually every surface, they make their mark. But to what end? Where does it come from and why?

Bringing urban culture to Pueblo: an emerging art form

Modern graffiti art, that is, graffiti as an aesthetic concept rather than a discourse on its criminality, has not evolved on its own. Today's artists draw from various sources; some consciously, while others are oblivious to their progenitors. Looking backward into the graffiti annals points to Greece, recognized as the site of the world's oldest political graffiti, and also to the Lascaux caves where humanity first began expressing creatively through painting. Maybe it wasn't yet criminalized in 28,000 B.C., but perhaps a small number of modern street artists have taken cues, whether conscious or unconscious, from graffiti's past.

Graffiti today though, probably comes from a more recent source, such as New York City's "TAKI," an anonymous Vietnam war-era graffiti writer who began his career scrawling his nom de plum across Manhattan. Popular opinion posits economic disparity as the primary cause of graffiti's rise. With his possibly poverty-stricken aggravation and perceived social injustice, TAKI spawned a generation of graffitists who progressed from throwing names hastily onto walls to orchestrating full-fledged outdoor art pieces, and brought graffiti into the mainstream.

Even Simon and Garfunkel alluded to graffiti in the 1966 ballad "Sound of Silence," proclaiming, "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls and tenement halls."

Freight train tagging, originally used as communication among train hoppers, became important to graffiti culture at this time as well. New York City graffiti artists, also referred to in slang as "writers," "graff artists" and "graffitists," borrowed from their cross-country compatriots, spattering art on subway trains and perilously covering tunnels with their work. This act established train writing not just as a splash in graffiti's history, but secured it as part of the city's very identity.

Many others came and went post-TAKI, especially with the rise of rap and hip-hop culture in the late 70s and early 80s. However, it was not until street artist Jean-Michel Basquiat hooked up with cultural mastermind Andy Warhol in the late 80s that graffiti is considered to have gone commercial.

Spray paint art and socio-political protest have meshed well for decades, as is the case with England's shadowy stencil artist "Banksy." The infamous graff artist keeps his identity locked up despite his sometimes forty-foot pieces, which are often thematically anti-capitalistic. Banksy, whose work incorporates existing urban environments such as cracked bricks or a crumbling wall, uses graffiti as an attempt to transform societal-induced conventions through revolutionary actions.

Today, train painting and tagging exist in their original form, but have also infiltrated urban garb. Graffiti-style art has become commercialized and shows up in designer jeans and magazines worldwide, continuing to evolve and make statements both positive and negative.



Pueblo's gang-graffiti emulsion

Although graffiti is often artistic, it is a crime. Those caught for graffiti often pay a heavy fine, forcibly participate in community service, serve jail time, or are sentenced to some combination of the three. Concerned Parents of Pueblo, a non-profit organization that at one time was Pueblo's most visible graffiti removal group, links graffiti to gang communications. According to Concerned Parents, gang graffiti is a widespread issue in Pueblo and enables rival gangs to antagonize one another. Gang writing can be a veritable billboard of drug locations and gang goings-on, resulting in drive-bys and other violent acts. The National Crime Prevention Council agrees, putting 80 percent of all graffiti into the gang-related category.

"Guy," a waifish 26-year-old Pueblo man who has been a graffiti artist for a decade, asserts all graffiti is not gang-related. "Ignorance," he says candidly. "People that don't understand (graffiti) usually are just scared." Some artists, he says, are exactly that, creative individuals looking for an outlet through non-conformity, and not involved with the gang side of graffiti at all.

Fear of the unknown may be one reason many Puebloans are incensed by graffiti, as Guy claims, but it is also a fact that parks benches, downtown edifices and residential fences are plagued by a steady stream of gang-affiliated tags. Spending five minutes in Minnequa Park makes it impossible not to notice that gangs have claimed their territory using the graffiti medium.

Artist Guy has been expanding his portfolio of legal and illegal artwork for a decade. Of those he calls "true" graffiti artists, Guy explains, "I don't think anybody's going out to maliciously destroy the community. (They) just want to make art."

Spray painting Pueblo and concern to the graffiti world

Walk the river trail by the levee or open your eyes to the myriad doodled-on dumpsters downtown and graffiti instantly confronts you. Much of Pueblo's graffiti is juvenile rubbish, and most have been exposed to the occasional latrine catchphrase "For a good time, call..." But in Pueblo, sensational graffiti exists as tasteful urban art, complete with unusual color palettes and creative designs seen more often in more populous cities.

A certain kick-back style stemming from early hip-hop art, is recognizable in Pueblo. With its cryptic, interlocking letters, each

piece displays the steady-handed artist's urban thread. Guy claims Pueblo is known all over the country for combining its interlaced lettering style with a clean, spartan design. "Graffiti just blew up here in the 90s," he says, a decade he credits for Pueblo's stylistic fusion.

"It's kind of phenomenal that in such a small town, so many graffiti writers have come from Pueblo and are known all over the world," he says. "Sure people in New York aren't going to know a lot about Pueblo, but they've seen our work in magazines."

Though the magazines Guy references are unclear, Pueblo's graffiti artists have been spotted at graffiti-maintained websites such as puregraffiti.com, as well as the more mainstreamed Flickr and YouTube. Pueblo's illegal art seems to embody claims of national notoriety and a commitment to legitimacy, but how do artists deal with legalities?

Ethics and the illegal artist

Pueblo graffiti, and graffiti in general, is loaded with moral issues. For example, does it beautify the community or detract from it?



Are graffiti writers artists, or youth with destructive tendencies? Some Pueblo businesses bypass issues of definition, choosing instead to encourage rather than admonish local talent by commissioning graffiti art pieces to adorn their property. Buildings such as the Shamrock Brewing Company on 3rd Street, with its alleyway ornamentation of graffiti-style four-leaf clovers, testify to the skill born by Pueblo graffiti kids. Murals like the Shamrock's diminish the frequency of graffiti on-site, according to the National Crime Prevention Council.

There is also conflict in the graffiti community over space artists like Guy who propose that only some property is universally owned. "Bridges are fair game," says Guy, describing his boundaries. "Corporations, any paid advertisement, trains - these things are important in graffiti, but never private property without permission," referring to an individual's property, rather than that owned by the government, corporations or an institution, though this line may be crossed from time to time.

Using graffiti as an almost anarchic, anti-establishment medium for civil disobedience, Guy and other anonymous artists, like England's Banksy, take a stand against corporate and governmental possession of what Guy calls "public" space. Because of this attitude, artists' monikers and emblems are sometimes made manifest at the topmost wall

(cont.)

of a monolithic corporate or government building; such flagrant recklessness suggests a street artist at his or her pinnacle. An entitlement to space seems to drive the relationship between this type of graffiti and civilization, an idea that says what one can't have permission to take, one takes anyway.

"It's definitely a rebellion thing," Guy says of graffiti's relationship with society. "Who are they to tell me I can't put my name up there...because they have money and can build huge walls?"

Defacing private residences, he says, is a separate entity. This type of work gives graffiti artists who stick paint to abandoned buildings or bridge support beams a negative image and arouses misunderstandings in the community. Like paint fumes, this reckless type of graffiti invades the lungs of so-called legitimate street artists who, as Guy claims, would rather use this public medium to criticize society as a whole than as a means of lashing out against individuals. When graffiti is used as a weapon against individuals, admits Guy, it serves no purpose.

Graffiti as a social barometer

Aside from an armada of youthful rebellion, why is Pueblo such a graffiti free-for-all? Perhaps like New York City at graffiti's heyday, the volume of works in Pueblo can be similarly linked to the town's past economic decline. CF&I's production slow-down in 1989 and Pueblo's ensuing financial regression seems to coincide with the rise in graffiti Guy says he witnessed in the 1990s. Possibly, this alleged increase came in response to a challenged economy that had previously flourished. Pueblo's economy has come back some since, but the art in the streets remains.

Responsibility may also lie in the symbiotic relationship between graffiti and anti-graffiti laws. In an almost utopian manner, communities sometimes create reactionary obstinacy, like

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graffiti, and then punish that obstinacy for existing. In this manner, illicit art scolds societal regulations, while laws inhibiting graffiti likewise punish graffiti's practitioners in a chicken-egg dichotomy.

Inevitably, graffiti and other forms of protest occur as extensions of social discontent. Historically, people have risen up when oppressed, and graffiti is but one more idealistic expression. Whether or not it is the last bastion of civil disobedience remains in question. Regardless, maybe Pueblo graffiti artists are frustrated with today's excessively consumerist and disposable culture – a culture graffiti is as much a part of as it is a means of protest against.

Whatever the cause or the end result, graffiti is more complex than just artful self-expression. It can't be likened only to idealism, rebellion or disillusionment. Graffiti, good or bad, elucidates the need humans have to set themselves apart and make themselves known.



From Parking Lot To Art Park - Meditations on a public art installation

By Johnmark Wiley and Alfredo Kemm

At the small park on the corner of Midway and Abriendo, a nearly ten foot tall cylindrical tiled orphan silently and almost subliminally rises over vast swatches of prickly goatheads anchored in dust as skinny street urchin trees marinate in the hot wind. Like some firewalker, wade across the pond of weeds – we dare you.

One way of describing the piece would be to say it looks like a multi-colored, over-sized tin can of some newfangled snake oil energy drink. But to say that, and to find oneself satisfied leaving it at that, would be to miss out on the mythic nature of all that this earthy Technicolor-tattooed umbilical outtie and its place in the cosmos symbolizes... potentially.

The ever-rolling sculptural facade is the home to over three hundred and seventy glazed ceramic tiles of the Latka Studio. This public installation is a welcome and considered juxtaposition to the broken-down nearby buildings littered with gang graffiti, and its intentional creation a contrast to the benign neglect of the very dust and weeds that define its otherwise cozy little prairie nest on the Mesa Junction range.

The maelstrom of colored, textured tiles, bursting across its concrete canvas in fits of color and pattern is in a perpetual war of its own cosmos and being. It reminds us of the very same shocking, random graffiti bursts and structural decay and rust of a post-industrial wonderland.

What to make of it? What stories and legends? The voice of the piece; of the artist; of the inspiration. Random, patterned, ordered, rich, deep, vast and yet fingerpainted masks and personas reminiscent of the players on a stage. A deep gouge of a V, as if damage sustained from a Zeus-unleashed bolt of immortal meddling; or perhaps a cocktail dress unzipped to a point of post-cocktail denouement. Well that's surely a stretch, but something that suggests the messy, the unfinished or the traumatic – the raw wound; the opening to the dark night and fearful depths of the soul. Just hinted at – and only if one looks for it. The viewer from Abriendo, the viewer from the bus stop, is oblivious to the presence of its suggested mortality.

The piece is called “My Mother’s Voice” and in ironic visual echo with its landscaping, it remains unfinished. The sculpture is a pro-bono project and shall perhaps indefinitely remain a work-in-progress functioning as much a piece of performance art as a temporally-defined sculpture.

This is actually the second birth of a park at this location. About twenty years ago, the old McClelland Library took over the space and made it into a small parking lot in an attempt to ease concerns and frustrations over the lack of parking for the then popular Oldsmobiles and



other prairie schooners favored by blue collar book borrowers of the time. Once the new Robert Hoag Rawlings Library was built with adequate parking facilities for Hummers and Priuses alike, the small lot lost its own little asphalt identity and fossil fuel-based purpose.

It was then that Tom and Jean Latka worked to return it to some form of its prelapsarian state and shine it into a semi-precious gem of a park again. One of the major complaints with the park is the overgrown weeds. The Latkas have battled the ever precocious unwanted plants, using whatever means they have at their disposal, from powerful poisons to attractive paid assistants in shorts and tanks.

The City Parks Department is scheduled to add the park to their list of struggles against ever prevailing nuisances. But the city is already behind schedule and, much like the victims of Hurricane Katrina, the defenders of the park might be waiting for awhile. Jean has the vision of organizing a small army of neighborhood volunteers to not only permanently squash the relentless prickly plant rebellion but possibly even add a little landscaping such as flowers to accentuate the young trees.

Art is subjective and this piece is no different. Some love it, others hate it, but much like one of those Magic-Eye Hidden Pictures, you might just need to stare at it for awhile...perhaps as you dazedly wait for the bus. And to consider a piece in isolation, apart from its environment, its neighborhood, its context, is to understate and sell short the totality that a public art installation represents to a community of neighbors and viewers.

PROJECT LEVEL



by Susan Wolf

It all started when...

The Pueblo Levee Mural Project first brewed in the boredom of creative teenagers - some of them Colorado State University art stu-

dents - who called themselves "Tee Hee". Led by Dee Ann Masset, these artist friends had already left their mark on a piece of rusted farm equipment before taking on the levee. An old tractor had laid idle in a field for years until the friends decided to improve it. Within days, the tractor was gone and an idea that art could really accomplish some-

thing was left in its place.

Masset, like many residents, walked over the levee every day and found it lacking in aesthetic appeal, but wasn't the first person to think of painting a mural there. Other artists had been trying

to get approval from the city and Masset attended some of the public meetings surrounding the issue. Convinced that concern over liability issues would prevent the City Council members from ever giving their approval, she decided to take matters into her own hands and with the help of another Tee Hee member, Alan Gregorich, painted a fish on the levee.

The reaction to this act of guerilla art was mixed. While the police searched for these unidentified rogue painters, The Tee Hees continued to bring color to the levee and the community debated over what to do with this new artistic canvas.

Ultimately, many people came to appreciate and express approval of the improvements on the levee, some through letters to the Chieftain. According to Masset, it became an election issue as the challenger for district attorney took the position that the levee murals were an asset to the community and that the artists should not be prosecuted. Recognizing that public opinion had moved favorably in the direction of the muralists, the D.A.'s office declared that they would not prosecute, and the mural levee project was in effect sanctioned.

Why murals?

Mural paintings are one of the earliest known art forms, dating as far back as 16,500 B.C.E. with the Cosquer Cave paintings in Cap Morgiou, France. Though the exact artistic intent of these paintings is unknown, it is clear that they were meant to communicate to the public at large. This is evidenced by human remains that suggest these caves served as gathering spaces.

The idea that art needed to serve the masses prevailed throughout history from Egyptian tomb paintings to elaborate Renaissance frescos. In the 18th century, murals decreased in popularity as the rising middle class preferred, and had the economic means to purchase, individual paintings and sculptures. It wasn't until the early 20th century that murals were re-popularized, mostly due to the work of some Mexican muralists.

After the Mexican Revolution, artists such as Diego Rivera and José Clemente Orozco looked back to the country's pre-Colombian roots to find a truly Mexican art form. With commissions from the new revolutionary government, these artists painted scenes of ordinary people around Mexico City. They felt that the time of the aristocracy was over and that government for and by the people had begun.

The work of these artists, and Rivera in particular, display a reverence for primitivism as well as a knowledge of contemporary art. These highly politicized murals placed the ordinary rural citizen above the economic elites of the

industrial age, making them heroic symbols of honor and justice.

The mural medium was also embraced by New York City graffiti artists in the 1960s, who used it for political dissent and a way to bypass the commercial art world. This new "revolution" existed not only in the content of the art work, but in the fact that the artists were questioning the ownership of the works themselves. Who had a right to the facades of privately owned buildings in public spaces?

When acts of graffiti become public art.

Not long after the first mural was painted on the levee, the original Tee Hee artists disbanded, some - like Masset - to move to the West Coast. Artist Dave Roberts picked up where they left off. He was an artist in residence at CSU-Pueblo and collected leftover paint from local suppliers. He then made an agreement with the Colorado Water Conservation Board, who maintains the levee, which allowed him to paint on it as long as he assumed liability. He saw this as a great opportunity for artists and soon enlisted dozens of friends and

strangers who came out to paint.

What once started as a late night, illegal graffiti act grew to be designated the largest public mural in the world in 1995 by the Guinness Book of World Records at 177,200 square feet. While many other cities have impressive public mural projects, what makes Pueblo's project unique is that for 30 years community artists have kept it going without any public money. Today the Levee Mural Project is coordinated by local artist and teacher Cynthia Ramu, who has been working on the levee since 1988. Though anyone can obtain permission to paint through the Colorado Water Conservation Board, or face a \$250 fine, Cynthia helps artists cut through the red tape and advises on painting techniques, logistics and good locations.

It seems strange to this non-native's view that the showpiece of Pueblo is not the Levee Mural. Not only is it a unique and impressive piece of art in its own right, it also presents to the world the breadth of this artistic community through both the content and effort put into the project. However, a walk

down the river reveals disinterest, at best, in the levee paintings.

Though the Whitewater Kayak Park brings in visitors, access to view the paintings is not easy, with walkways showing signs of disrepair and the greenway along the river remaining neglectfully unfinished and untended. Instead, the formal planning and governing community in Pueblo has chosen to embrace the new, and distinctly commercial, represented by the Historical Arkansas River Project (HARP), which is adorned with works by more established artists such as Ken and Judith Williams and Tom and Jean Latka.

Not to say the Riverwalk isn't a needed and appreciated project (this author can be found walking her dog there daily while sipping a Wireworks latte), but it lacks the grassroots creative spirit that is embodied in the Levee Mural Project.

The Levee is, or rather could be, the attraction that makes Pueblo a distinct destination rather than a drive through. It embodies the underground creative energy and cultural vitality that can be found here, but which seems to have long been subordinated to Pueblo's historic blue collar identity, and locates the symbolic heart of cultural Pueblo along the vital artery and lifeblood of the Arkansas.

Get Involved
Want to paint on the levee or
help out the project
in some way?
Contact Cynthia Ramu at
cynthanie@earthlink.net.

1st photo: from 4th street bridge
 2nd photo: under Union Depot
 photos by: B. Hilvitz



Interplay Urban Nature at The Denver Botanical Gardens

By Susan Wolf

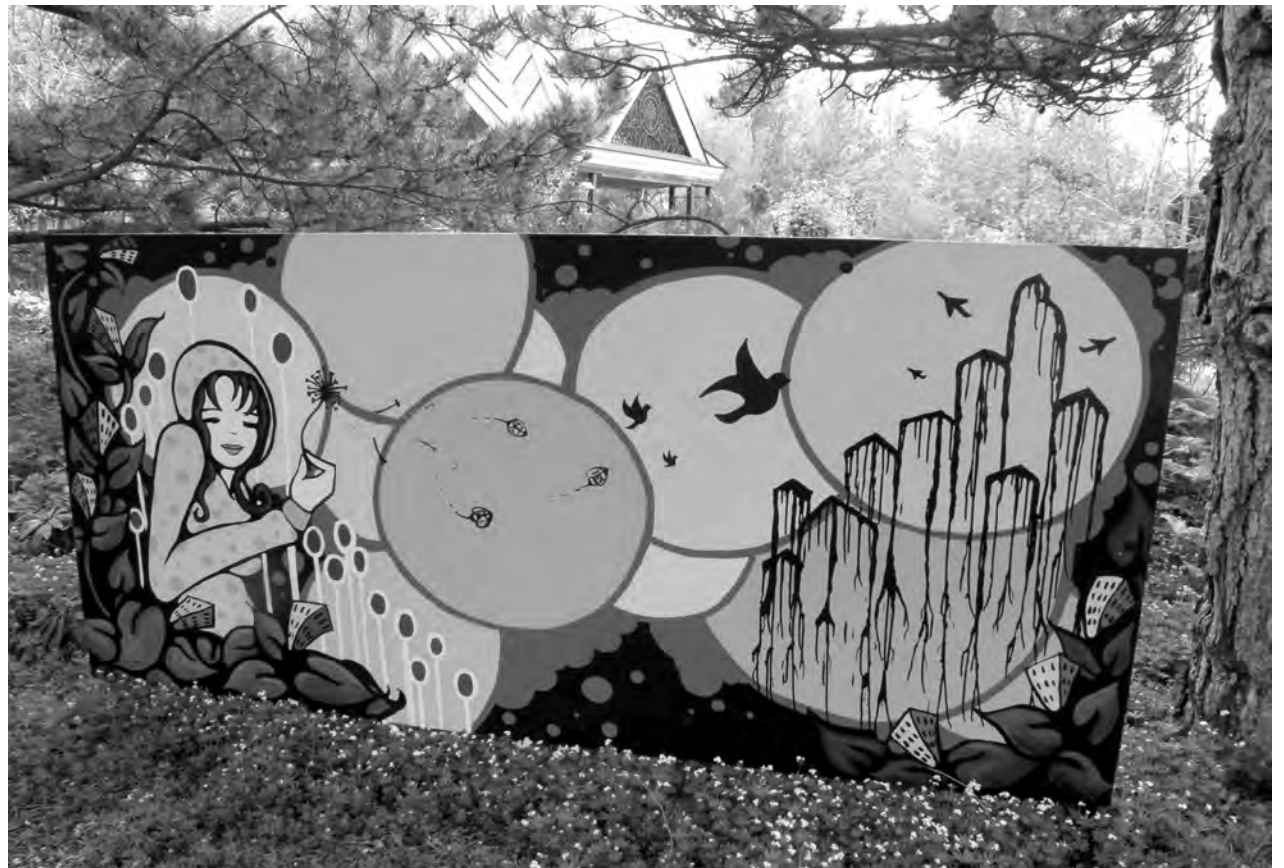
What first comes to mind when I think of the words urban nature is a huge green park surrounded by skyscrapers, complete with picnickers playing Frisbee. But it makes me think, can nature every really be “urban”? Do we have the same relationship to a tree whether it’s on a city block or in the midst of a forest? How does the natural world shape our urban experience?

A gardener’s sanctuary shaded by the high-rise apartment buildings at Cheeseman Park, the Denver Botanical Garden offers some answers to this question. The strangeness of having a natural oasis in the middle of a city neighborhood seems as normal to us as a shopping mall with palm trees growing in it.

Pushing the exploration of the urban and natural landscapes further is the current show at the Gardens, Urban Nature, which features the works of over a dozen national and local artists working within this theme. Spray-painted murals, expressionistic paintings and nature-inspired photographs are placed throughout the Gardens; some pieces co-cohabitating harmoniously with the flora and fauna while others create a striking juxtaposition with their natural surroundings.

One of the most successful pieces in this show is Cultivate, a collaboration between Elisabeth Bunker of Utah and Pueblo native Sophie Fernandez, both art students at Metropolitan State College. Their large acrylic painting depicts a city threatened by nature and not the other way around. A huge tree with visible roots looms over a gray urban landscape of expressways and high-rises void of cars and people. The

“The strangeness of having a natural oasis in the middle of a city neighborhood seems as normal to us as a shopping mall with palm trees growing in it.”



only traces of humanity are a couple of lit windows. Even the grouping of street lights seems to exist only to nourish the lush greenery below. The streets swirl around the building like vines around a trellis and even the moon, filling most of the background, is cold and overbearing.

While much of the work in this show depicts urban environments imposing themselves on nature, Cultivate turns this upside down. We invited the artists to comment on this and other works.

P.U.L.P: Can you give me a little background about yourself?

Sophie Fernandez: I am originally from Pueblo. I lived there until I



graduated from Pueblo Community College. I transferred to Metropolitan State College where I met a fantastic group of artists that range from both students to instructors. Liz (Elisabeth Bunker) is from Utah and moved to Colorado to also attend Metro State. She is one of the very talented artists mentioned above. Her inspiration for her work stems from abstracting nature. Both of us are still enrolled at Metro State and are set to graduate fall of '08 with Bachelor of Fine Arts Degrees, both with emphasis in painting.

P: What does the phrase urban nature mean to you? How did you approach this theme in your work?

SF: This was a hard one. Both Liz and I looked up both the words “urban” and “nature” and realized they were the hardest words to communicate visually, ever. Both of us came from small towns both rich in the nearby natural landscape. In the city there still is natural beauty, but in ways that are unexpected. Our job was to communicate the connection between both in a way that was seen in a street art context.

P: Is this the first time you two have collaborated?
SF: Liz and I both took a mural class that was offered by Carlos Fresquez, our instructor and well-known Chicano artist. After collaborating in the class, Liz and I decided to try for the

Botanic Gardens Call for Entry, and ‘lo and behold, we got it.

P: Your painting Cultivate depicts a fairly somber urban landscape and even though the man-made architecture mimics the shapes of the large trees there does (to me, anyway) seem to be a competition between the urban world and the natural as much as an interplay. How do you see the urban landscape and natural one interacting?

SF: It’s funny you mention somber.. I was at the gardens with some friends and we were looking at the mural Cultivate, when a lady came up and said, ‘This looks like a nightmare I once had.’ I thought it was great. Our intention was to show the direct relation between man and his environment. The bonsai in the mural represents care and nurturing needed to preserve our natural landscape, and how delicate the balance between the two really is.

“Our intention was to show the direct relation between man and his environment.”

P: In the painting, Float, a girl is emerging from the city and is holding a dandelion whose petals turn into bees which turn into birds which turn into planes. Can you comment on that and how the bubble gum-colored circles (balloons?) relate to the other objects?

SF: With Float we really wanted to create a mural that stood out from the lush greenery where it would be placed in the gardens. The bubbles were an afterthought - we needed something there to complete the composition, but wanted something fun and “unnatural” in a sense. Besides, we really like circles and bubble gum.

P: Anything else you’d like to add?

SF: It is very awesome that there is finally an independent newspaper in P-town!

**Urban Nature is on view
at the Denver Botanical Gardens through
November 30.**



ART EVENTS

Friday, July 11

C Street Art Fair, 1 – 7pm,
“C” St. and Union Ave.

First Friday Art Walk,

5 – 8pm, starts at Art on South Main,
205 Main St.,
other galleries include, Nemick &
Thompson and John Deaux

Fran Cosyleon: Pastel Magic, Opening
Reception, 5 – 8pm, Art on South Main,
205 Main Street

ART MUSEUMS AND
GALLERIESSangre de Cristo Arts &
Conference Center

Open Tuesday – Saturday, 11am to 4pm,
Admission: \$4 adults, \$3 children,
Current Exhibits: Fashion in Film
through July 12; Film Colorado
July 26 through August 30
The Jerry Gilbreath Celebrity
Art Collection through August 9;
Movie Posters: Images of Aspirations
and Dreams through August 16;
C Brown Photography through
August 23; Art Meets Celebrity through
August 23; Hollywood Colorado
through August 23
210 N. Santa Fe Ave., (719)295-7200
www.sdc-arts.org

5th Street Gallery

Open Monday – Friday,
421 N. Main St., (719)565-2925

Art on South Main

Open: Tuesday – Saturday, 10am – 5pm
and Sunday, 12 – 5pm,
Through July: Fran Cosyleon: Pastel
Magic, 205 S. Main Street
(719)542-6838,
www.artonsouthmain.com

Blackdog Gallery at Sculpture Studio
& Foundry Inc.

Open Monday – Friday, 10am – 5pm,
Saturday by appointment,
141 E. Industrial Blvd., Pueblo West,
(719)547-3004

Daily Grind Cafe

Open Monday – Saturday, 7am – 11pm,
Sunday, 7am – 9pm,
209 S. Union Ave., (719)561-8567

The Downtown Bar

Open Tuesday – Wednesday at
6pm, Thursday – Saturday at 4pm,
103 Central Plaza, (719)544-1499,
www.thedowntownbar.com

Dancing Bears Fine Art and
Custom Framing

Open Monday and Wednesday – Friday,
10:30am – 5pm,
Saturday, 10:30am – 2pm,
420 S. McCulloch Ave., Suite 3,
(719)547-3610

Deerfoot Studios

Open Monday – Saturday, 9am – 6pm,
Sundays and evenings by appointment,
405 Midnight Ave., (719)561-1575,
www.deerfootstudios.net

Ink & Design

Open Tuesday 10am – 5pm
or by appointment,
103 W. Abriendo Ave., (719)543-6060,
www.flatwurks.com

John Deaux Gallery

Open Tuesday – Saturday, 11am – 5pm,
221 S. Union Ave., (719)545-8407,
www.johndeauxartgallery.com

Latka Studios and Gallery

Open Daily, 10am – 5pm,
229 Midway Ave., (719)543-0720,
www.ceramicsite.com

Nemick & Thompson Frames
and Fine Art

Open Tuesday – Friday, 10am – 5:30pm,
Saturday 10am – 4pm,
221 S. Union Ave., (719)545-8933

Pueblo Art Guild and Gallery

Open Wednesday – Sunday, noon – 4pm
1500 N. Santa Fe Ave., Mineral Palace
Park., (719)543-2455

Solar Roast Coffee

Open Monday - Friday, 6:30am - 6:00pm,
Saturday, 8am - 5pm,
226 N. Main St., (719)544-2008,
www.solarroast.com

Stenzel Fine Art

Open Monday, Wednesday and Thursday,
10am – 3pm, 421 N. Main St., Suite 212,
(719)252-9559 or (719)542-3917

Wireworks Coffeehouse

Open Monday – Saturday, 7am - 8pm,
Sunday, 8am - 5pm, 103 S Union Ave.,
(719) 543-3000

Zephyr Art & Frame

Open Monday – Friday, 9am – 5:30pm
and Saturdays by appointment,
113 Broadway Ave, (719)545-5945,
www.zephyrartandframe.net

COMMUNITY EVENTS

Thursday, July 3

Fireworks and USAF Concert Band at
CSU-Pueblo, 5:45 – 10pm

Thursday, July 10

Farmer's Market Festival with The
Pueblo Performing Arts Guild and Visual
Artists, 4 – 8pm and continuing
Thursdays through September 4,
Gateway Park on the Pueblo Riverwalk,
www.PuebloPAG.org

Sunday, July 13

Pueblo Community College 75th Anni-
versary Celebration, 7:30am – 6pm

MOVIE THEATERS

InfoZone News Museum at the Robert
Hoag Rawlings Public Library

100 E. Abriendo Ave., (719)553-0205,
www.infozonenewsmuseum.com

Mesa Drive In

2620 Santa Fe Dr., (719)542-3345

Tinseltown

4140 North Freeway,
1-800-FANDANGO #1108,
www.cinemark.com

MUSEUMS

Buell Childrens Museum

Open Tuesday – Saturday, 11am – 4pm,
Admission: \$4 adults, \$3 children, Cur-
rent Exhibit: Seeing Stars – Hollywood
Make Believe, 210 N. Santa Fe Ave.,
(719)295-7200,
www.sdc-arts.org

Colorado State University-
Pueblo Observatory

Open Tuesdays, 30 minutes after sunset,
4028 W. 11th St., (719)549-2683

El Pueblo History Museum

Open Tuesday – Saturday, 10am – 4pm,
Admission: \$4 adults, \$3 seniors and
children 6 - 12,
301 N. Union Ave., (719)583-0453,
www.coloradohistory.org

Greenway and Nature Center of Pueblo
Raptor Center

Open Tuesday – Sunday, 11am - 4pm,
5200 Nature Center Road,
(719)549-2414,
www.gncp.org

InfoZone News Museum at the Robert
Hoag Rawlings Public Library

Monday – Thursday, 9am – 9pm,
Friday – Saturday, 9am – 6pm,
Sunday, 1 – 5pm, 100 E. Abriendo Ave.,
(719)553-0205

Pueblo Railway Museum

Open Saturday, 10am – 4pm or
by appointment,
132 B St., (719)251-5024,
www.pueblorailway.org

Pueblo Weisbrod Aircraft Museum

Open Monday – Saturday, 10am – 4pm,
Sunday 1 – 4pm,
Memorial Airport, (719)948-9219,
www.pwam.org

Pueblo Zoo

Open Monday – Sunday, 9am – 5pm,
Admission: \$7.50 adults, \$6.50 seniors
and youth 13 - 17, \$5 children 3 – 12,
located in City Park,
(719)561-1452,
www.pueblozoo.org

Rosemount Museum

Open Tuesday – Saturday, 10am – 4pm,
Admission: \$6 adults, \$5 seniors,
\$4 children 6 – 18,
419 W. 14th St., (719)545-5290,
www.rosemount.org

Southeastern Colorado Heritage
Center

Open Tuesday – Saturday, 10am – 4pm,
Admission: suggested donation,
201 W. B St., (719)295-1517,
www.theheritagecenter.us

Steelworks Museum of Industry
and Culture

Open Monday – Saturday, 10am – 4pm,
Sunday, noon – 4pm, Admission: \$5
adults, \$3 children 4-12, 215 Canal St.,
(719)564-9086,
www.cfsteel.org

submit your listings



listings@pueblopulp.com

MUSIC Weekly:

Tuesday

Rick Black

7:30 - 10pm at Rio Bistro

K.C. Messick

6 - 9pm at The 101 Club

Wednesday

Munch and Watson

7 - 9pm at Do Drop Inn West

Patrick Kratzer

8 - 11pm at First and Main Bar and Grill

Thursday

Patrick Kratzer

7 - 9pm at Park East

Wasabi with Carlos Crull

8 - 10pm at Cock and Bull Tavern

Friday

DJ Se7eN

9pm at The Downtown Bar

Saturday

Juan Alvarez

6:30 - 9pm at Cinfully Delicious

Sunday

Sunday Night Serenades at Historic

Arkansas Riverwalk of Pueblo, 7pm,

various bands

Concerts

Tuesday, July 1

Joey Corsentino at The Downtown Bar, 8pm

Pandit Shvsnath Mishr, From India and performing with his sitar orchestra, 8pm

at the Historic Federal Building, Tickets:

\$15 advance, \$20 at the door,

(719) 543-1766 or glenn@kreativo.org

Thursday, July 3

USAF Concert Band at CSU-Pueblo:

concert and fireworks, 5:45 - 10pm

Friday, July 4

Pueblo Symphony Orchestra and Big

Kahuna Beach Party at Pueblo

Riverwalk, 5 - 10pm

Saturday, July 5

No Nonsense Band at Bob's Side Pocket,

9pm

Tuesday, July 8

Midnight Carnival Band at

The Downtown Bar, 8pm

Friday, July 11

Big Cat Band at Bob's Side Pocket, 9pm

The Family Juls, Gray's Coors Tavern,

8pm

Less than Zero at Festival Fridays, 7

- 10pm

P-Nuckle with Fayuca at Smitty's

Greenlight Tavern, 9pm

Saturday, July 12

Peter Burg at The Daily Grind Cafe,

7 - 10pm

Silver Eagle Band at Bob's Side Pocket,

9pm

Tuesday, July 15

Jennifer Szabo at The Downtown Bar,

8pm

Wednesday, July 16

Upwords Movement at Smitty's Green-

light Tavern, 9pm

Friday, July 18

The Barn Burners, Gray's Coors Tavern,

8pm

The Martini Shot at Festival Fridays,

7 - 10pm

Sasquatch (Mo from Son of Man) at

The Daily Grind Cafe, 7 - 10pm

Tom Munch and the Atomic Fireballs

at Bob's Side Pocket, 9pm

Saturday, July 19

Slowride 66 at Bob's Side Pocket, 9pm

Tuesday, July 22

Midnight Carnival Band at

The Downtown Bar, 8pm

Friday, July 25

The Famiy Juls, Gray's Coors Tavern,

8pm

Phat Daddy and the Phat Horn Doctors

at Festival Fridays, 7 - 10pm

Tomorrows Bad Seed with Josh Fischel

of Bargain Music at

Smitty's Greenlight Tavern, 9pm

Saturday, July 26

The b-Foundation with Ballyhoo at

Smitty's Greenlight Tavern, 9pm

THEATER

Into the Woods

July 18 - August 3, Damon Runyon

Repertory Theatre, Friday & Saturday,

7 pm, Sunday, 2pm, Tickets: \$8 to \$18,

\$10 Sunday matinee, \$36 dinner theater

(Fri & Sat only),

611 N. Main St., (719)564-0579

P.U.L.P. RELEASE PARTY!!!!



JOIN US IN CELEBRATING THE 1ST ISSUE

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 7 PM

@THE DOWNTOWN BAR 103 Central Plaza

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Bob's Side Pocket

4111 Club Manor Drive,

(719)546-3636

Cinfully Delicious

4333 Thatcher Ave., (719)564-5930

Cock and Bull Tavern

325 S. Union Ave., (719)404-1800

www.cockandbulltavern.com

CSU-Pueblo

2200 Bonforte Blvd., Music

Department (719)549-2552

The Daily Grind Cafe

209 S. Union Ave., (719)561-8567

Do Drop Inn West

944 E. Kimble, Pueblo West, (719)547-

8440

The Downtown Bar

103 Central Plaza, (719)544-1499

www.thedowntownbar.com

First and Main Bar and Grill

117 N. Main St., (719)542-2483

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515 W. 4th St., (719)544-0455

Historic Arkansas Riverwalk

of Pueblo

Xcel Energy Stage, (719)595-0242,

www.puebloharp.com

Historic Federal Building

421 N. Main St.

Park East

720 Goodnight Ave., (719)561-8707

Rio Bistro

126 S. Union Ave., (719)253-0126

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210 N. Santa Fe Ave., (719)295-7200

www.sdc-arts.org

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THE TIMES YOU LIVE IN

by Marc Meyer

It's interesting how, as time goes by, some questions become harder to answer. The passage of time, while bringing us progress in some areas, can make some once simple issues problematic.

A perfect example of this is deciding when you should get out of bed.

Deciding at what time to get up used to be pretty easy; your daily obligations determined that for you. You had cows to milk, or you worked one of the three shifts at the mill, or you had to get to school at a certain time so you wouldn't get in trouble. Unfortunately, things aren't so simple anymore.

Our jobs today are often devoid of real deadlines; many people even work from home. This causes much confusion. I see the exhausted masses walking around the Riverwalk every day, clutching their coffee cups, clearly in a daze, all because their sleep patterns have been disrupted by their inability to determine the correct time to get out of bed. Some even make things

worse by looking for an answer on the internet. They spend hour upon hour in increasing dismay, trying to sort through thousands of pieces of informa-

who gets up early has the time to invent proverbs? Do you really think you improve your chances of winning the lottery if you get up at five in the morning to go buy your ticket at Loaf 'n Jug?

In fact, rising early is risky. Leaving home too soon can expose you to dangers from things that almost always occur in the morning, dangers that are planned by early-risers such as terrorist attacks and religious services. Greater risk still is that repeated contact with the early-risers themselves will gradually turn you into one of them: literal-minded and always logical in a petty way.

So is the answer to just sleep all day? Actu-

ally, no. Getting up too late can also be dangerous. Not being awake and functional at any time after noon has always caused the early-risers to become suspicious about your lifestyle and habits, which in the past was no real problem. Today though, armed with modern medicine and the social "sciences," they may try to change your behavior. They'll tell you that everything you do is determined by

your genes, but they'll still try to "re-educate" you. Remember what happened to Amy Winehouse: She decided to get up every day in the mid-afternoon and, before she knew it, they tried to make her go to rehab.

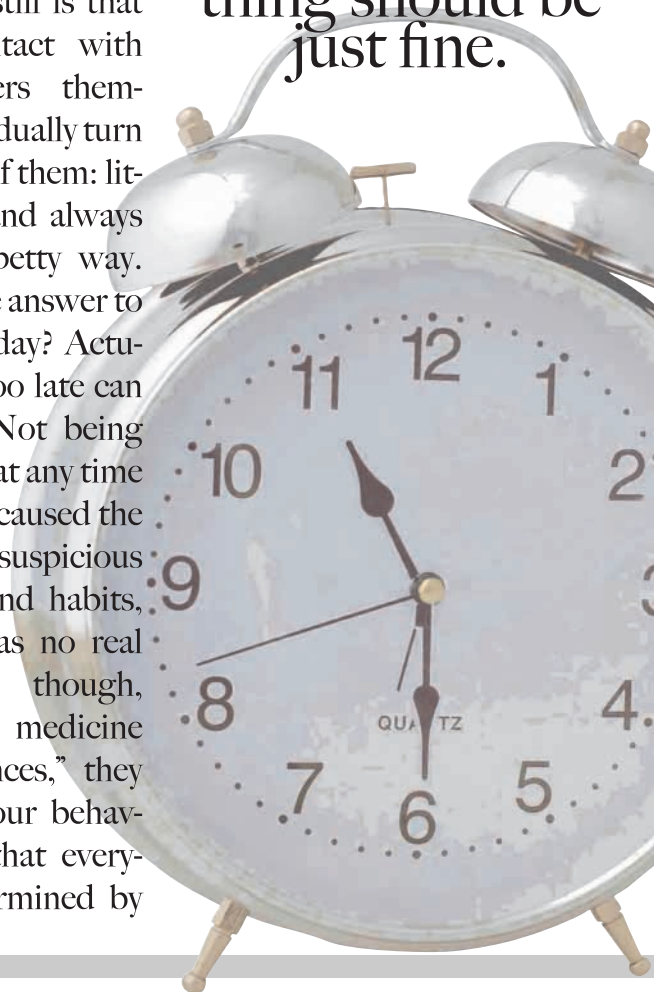
Since you probably don't own a video-phone (remember how we were all supposed to have one by the year 2000, along with a flying car?), you don't need to look ready for the day at noon, but only sound like you are ready in case someone calls. The longest it can take you to emerge from sleep enough to give a convincing impression of an early-riser over the phone is thirty minutes.

...So set the alarm clock at 11:30 a.m., and everything should be just fine.

REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO AMY WINEHOUSE: SHE DECIDED TO GET UP EVERY DAY IN THE MID-AFTERNOON AND, BEFORE SHE KNEW IT, THEY TRIED TO MAKE HER GO TO REHAB.

tion that contradict one another.

So what to do? Can the wisdom of the traditional sayings of the pre-electronic ages help us? Well, the old proverbs all seem to advise you to begin your day early in the morning. For example, the French have "Fortune smiles on those who rise early," which is equivalent to our "The early bird catches the worm." But when you think about it, these proverbs show bias: Who besides someone



Community of Spirit

by Felicia Tapia

At 6:30 most mornings, you can find a 46-year-old man exercising his index finger along small rows of scripture. A devout Catholic, he reserves the waking hours for this rite of his spiritual practice. His silver wire reading glasses have become a recent addition and offset his long black hair and dark skin.

Searching by fingertip for the passage that best speaks to his current struggles and triumphs, he then uses thumb to send the message onward, via radio waves, bouncing from cell site to cell site in the form of a text message. And this is how he begins his day.

For 23 years, William Ramos has been dedicated to working with individuals living with a mental illness, a career that has been both a reward and a struggle. Ramos discovered early on that being a social worker was not the road to fame or fortune. "The realization is I know I'm not going to get rich. I'm not going to have the luxuries I wish I could have." But this is a realization that seems minor to Ramos. "I'm definitely not disappointed in getting my degree in social work. I think social work is such a wide field. You can do so many different things and I've done a lot of different things."

For Ramos, happiness is giving, and he understood this about himself years before ever enrolling in a sociology class. Today, wearing dark brown Skechers and a colorful bracelet depicting a string of saints, Ramos shares his secret for being content: Family and faith.

Born in Pueblo and raised on the city's eastside, Ramos grew up in a large family with strong Catholic ideals. As the youngest child of four, he was well cared for and remembers spending much of his childhood with his grandparents who lived within a few blocks. Ramos, his siblings and his cousins would spend hours and even days during weekends at their grandparents' house, using Pueblo's landscape as their playground.

"We were just playing over there in the clay pits and getting tadpoles and bringing them home. And in the wintertime when we couldn't play outside, we would play down in the basement. We would pretend like we were in an Elvis movie." Ramos remembers himself as a care-free child growing up on the Eastside, eating the best sweet rice,



which his grandmother made, and immersing himself in family.

Ramos became intrigued with social work after being introduced to the field by his parents. Both his mother and father retired from active careers involving social service organizations across the community, including the Colorado Mental Health Institute at Pueblo.

Ramos also grew up with foster siblings, an experience that taught him the importance of acceptance and family. He especially admired his mother's ability to raise delinquent foster boys most foster families had turned away. "My mom, she just cared for them, she nurtured them, and I saw them change and I saw them grow and I saw them be a big part of our family," so integral to their family that the premature death of one foster boy devastated them. Witnessing the positive effect from his parents' example, Ramos too joined the ranks of social work.

Initially enrolled as a pre-med student, he made the switch to the psyche, wanting to help people above and beyond their physical health. He moved to Denver twice and also Sioux Falls, South Dakota as his career progressed.

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cont. *Community of Spirit*

Twenty-three years later, he admits that the appreciation for such a crucial role isn't always publicly recognized, but it's the challenge and the desire to help someone play their cards in their favor that keeps Ramos engaged.

"I love working with schizophrenics. You never know what you're gonna get. It's a challenge for me to really use my skills and to seek out ways that I can reach them and empower them to change." For some of the individuals who Ramos works with, change could be sticking to a medication regime or simply accepting the reality of mental illness and the stigma therein.

Although Ramos has mostly worked with adolescents, he currently works at Spanish Peaks Mental Health Center with the Program of Assertive Community Treatment (P.A.C.T.) Team. P.A.C.T. is an intense form of treatment for adults living with a mental illness, primarily schizophrenia. Case management and therapy combines with daily medication administration to assist severely mentally ill individuals to live independently in the community. Most clients enrolled in this type of treatment will be seen by P.A.C.T. Team workers daily, and sometimes twice daily, to help them maintain their independence and stay on-track with treatment.

The program is definitely intense, but Ramos knew he wanted to work in this part of the agency when he heard all the horror stories. "I had heard stories about the P.A.C.T. Team, that it was a really bad program and that I was going to get burned out and that I wasn't going to like it. I saw that as a challenge." Now that Ramos has worked with adults in this setting, he admits that he prefers working with them over children because he can relate to adults in ways that he can't with younger clients.

One way Ramos approaches therapeutic intervention is to focus on his client's strengths, interests and goals, and not just their issues. He feels mentally ill citizens are often reminded of their illness and rarely noted for their abilities within a community. To Ramos, this population only embodies a set of different issues than people without a mental illness. "I don't care how well put-together you look, or how wealthy you are, or how successful you are, everybody has issues, everybody has emotions, and everybody's damaged. Everybody has bumps and scrapes."

In 2003, it was Ramos' bumps and scrapes that eventually brought him back to Pueblo. He found himself in the shadow of a messy divorce and his physical health was deteriorating. His grandfather, with whom Ramos shared an intimate bond, passed away the same year. Ramos turned to a form of therapy he learned years earlier at his Eastside childhood home; a cathartic release he uses with his clients: laughter.

"That's one thing my mother taught me, no matter how hard things get there's always something you can smile at, that you can laugh at. I like to joke around with people because it's a stress reliever for me and I know it can alleviate a lot of volatile situations. I enjoy laughing. It just feels good. It feels good to laugh."

Ramos parallels this to a passage in his bible that says laughter is good for the heart. In his experience, laughter has penetrated the paranoid walls of a schizophrenic and disarmed the defensive strategy of angry teens. Ramos contends, though, that laughter is a two-way street. By addressing his own issues and laughing his way through them, Ramos feels he can better help his clients make light of their own situations so they can conquer and progress. He feels his self-care and self-realization using therapeutic laughter is imperative in the therapist-client relationship.

This year has again tested his approach to career and life as Ramos's sister was diagnosed with Stage IV cancer. Although he remembers fighting with this sibling more than any other, he also knows his love for her is strong. He thinks it might have been all of the schoolyard fights that bonded them and cemented their close relationship. Whatever it was is less important now as he fights alongside her in this battle; the schoolyard traded for a sterile clinic where she undergoes chemotherapy. Yet Ramos remains resolute that his spirituality and his family will keep him grounded, along with much comedic relief.

When things get too chaotic, Ramos likes to drive. Seeing a particular building or patch of land reminds him of learning how to drive in his grandfather's maroon '66 Chevy Impala on the Baculite Mesa or filling up on limeade and candy apples at Taffy's. Pueblo harbors memories for Ramos that are unchangeable and enduring. It is in this familiarity that Ramos engages change, self-discovery and comedic inspiration.

For Ramos, Pueblo is a place where the memory of his grandmother's sweet rice is made more palpable by passing a street sign or watching tadpoles clearing a creek; a place he can watch and help transform to harvest the acorn of potentiality; a place where family is a concept beyond and bigger than just bloodline, and helping people better play the game is about looking past the generalities of mental illness and into the innate composition of character and person, a place where it feels good to laugh.



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L.I.P. / LIFE IN PUEBLO

"What Ever Happened to Fuzzy Dice?"

Recently I've noticed a phenomenon in town that just keeps dangling in my mind. The first time I saw it, I figured it was some kind of freak sighting like the time I saw a man outside of Kentucky Fried Chicken eating chicken and reading the paper dressed in a full-on Viking costume.

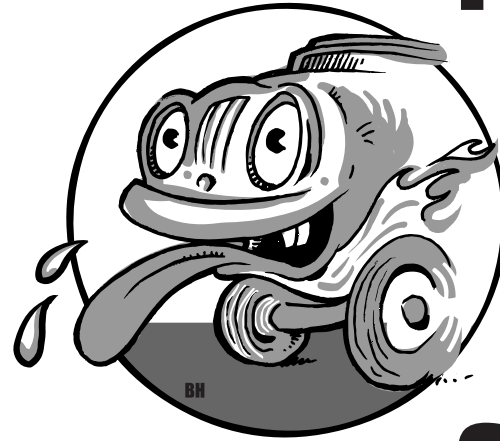
What I was witness to is what I like to call "Vehicular Genitalia." My first sighting was in the YMCA parking lot (no, not at a tavern or a strip club). Upon perusing for a parking spot, my husband, 4-year old son and I all seemed to spot them once. A giant pair of faux testicles was dangling from the back of a big pick-up truck. Inevitably my son inquired, "What are those?" to which my husband responded without so much as batting an eyelash, "Testicles, or you know, a ball sac. It's behind a penis." Remarkably that seemed to satisfy the little one, and we went on for our search for the perfect parking spot.

Meanwhile, I couldn't help but find this whole automobile, birds-and-bees session absurd. A whole litany of questions crowded my mind: Where does one purchase rubber car balls? Are they even rubber? My husband insists they are metal or hard plastic in nature, and if you ever spot me in a parking lot crouching behind a Ford F150, it's because I'm trying to settle this very argument.

Doesn't a giant truck with a Hemi engine already scream manliness without having to crown it with proverbial jewels? When the driver takes the truck into the shop, does the mechanic ask it to turn its headlights and cough? Are there women out there donning rubber vaginas on their Miata convertibles?

Sighting number two occurred while I was driving alone. This time, the rubber testicles were hot pink in color. Hmmm . . . what could this mean? Is the truck driver trying to say, "Yeah, this truck really has balls, but it also has a tender, feminine side."

The third sighting was a few weeks ago at the Rawlings library (once again, not at a tavern or a strip club). There in the lot was a mammoth SUV hung like a stallion. In this case, the vehicle's rear window was adorned with stickers in the shapes of boys and girls, presumably representing each of the car owner's children. I couldn't help but wonder if the whole family went along to the Car and Truck Sac Emporium to pick out their car's sex organ. Did Sally and Johnny fight over whether to get the pink pair or the camouflage pair?



TURN YOUR HEAD- LIGHTS AND COUGH!

Recently, I decided to do a little research and Googled "Truck Balls." What I found made my face blush and my head spin. I won't give the name of the Website, as I don't want to encourage the purchasing of truck nuts, but let's just say there is quite a selection. Aside from varying sizes - they range from "Big Boy Nutz," down to tiny ones you can slide onto your key ring - there are two generations.

Apparently, the original model was not performing like it should. In fact, the Website says the new generation "...prevents the negative look of flippity flopping of the nuts at higher speeds." Amen! Nobody wants to see floppy nuts on the road while they are driving to the office, do they?

There are over 30 colors and prints to choose from. My personal favorite is a pair laden with stars and stripes. Nothing says patriotism like a star-spangled scrotum. Somehow, I don't think that was our forefathers' notion of patriotism.

It turns out my husband and I were both right, as the balls come in both rubber and chrome, the equivalent of formal wear for testicles. I thought this might be a Pueblo thing, but apparently, trucks are sprouting testicles all across our fine nation.

After all my pondering of this topic I am not sure which aspect is more shocking: The fact that truckers are driving all around town with testicles hanging from their rigs or the sheer number of synonyms that exist for testicles.

This episode of LIP/ Life in Pueblo was brought to you
by Angie Ciesla

P.U.L.P. accepts submissions for L.I.P./ Life in Pueblo
send your stories to: P.U.L.P. P.O. Box 102, Pueblo, Colo. 81002, or submit@puebloupulp.com

DRINK ME: Lucid ruminations on intoxicating spirits

by Shannon Speaks

I've often wondered what it is that keeps people from trying a new wine – or any wine. Is choosing a wine confusing? Do they expect it to break the bank if they buy a “good” wine? Does drinking or serving wine feel pretentious? I think these pitfalls have more to do with unquestioned assumptions than with what's in the bottle. Put them aside for a moment and see what happens. Wine can take your favorite dinner to new heights, offer a glimpse into a different culture or ease the stress of the day by enveloping your senses, not just dulling them. The best part of drinking wine is the way it can set any moment apart, making it memorable. And it doesn't have to be expensive.

As the nights get hotter, take a look at a great wine that will cool your palate and invigorate your night. Don't worry, Bud Light, Chardonnay and Cuervo will still be around when you get back. But you do need to leave them behind for a little while in order to have that adventure. Where to start? Try Chenin Blanc.

Chenin Blanc (pronounced shen-en-blahnk) is a native French grape from which many lovely white wines are made. What to expect when sipping a glass of Chenin Blanc? It's generally full-bodied. In other words, you'll know it's there without needing to gulp it to get some flavor.

It will smell of (and since aroma is actually the vast majority of taste, you'll also taste) some floral qualities, reminding you of spring wildflowers or a bouquet of fresh-cut flowers. Perhaps the wine will also display bright minerality, like the smell of clean, wet stone. And it will likely have several flavors ranging from fruits like pear, apple, peach and honeydew melon to those of honey, fresh hay and sweet herbs.

Every wine will be a different combination of these aspects. Trying to figure them out can be fun. But just enjoying the whole experience and not working too hard might be what the doctor ordered. The approach you take is up to you.

Chenin Blanc originated in France's Loire Valley, known as the summer playground of royalty for the last millennium. But like most French grapes, wine growers in other areas have experimented with it to much success, and there's much more Chenin Blanc planted outside France than within it.



One country that has excelled with Chenin Blanc is South Africa, which has traditionally referred to it as “Steen”. However in the U.S. market, even Chenins from South Africa are usually simply called Chenin Blanc. Chile, Argentina and California are also making forays into Chenin Blanc bottlings, many of which are delicious. And if you happen to come across a French white wine called Vouvray (voo-vray), that's Chenin Blanc too. The best part? Delicious Chenin Blanc starts at under 10 dollars a bottle.

While Chenin Blanc is an excellent glass of wine by itself, it is also a perfect compliment to many foods. An extremely versatile wine, it's as well-suited for Chinese food or white pizza as it is for roasted chicken or our local Pueblo Mexican food.

Chenin Blanc is made in both dry and off-dry styles. If a wine is “off-dry,” it means a small amount of sugar was left in the wine by halting the fermentation process early. In a “dry” wine on the other hand, there is no actual sugar in the wine - fermentation has been allowed to continue until all the sugar has been converted into alcohol and carbon dioxide.

Regardless of whether the Chenin Blanc you try is dry or off-dry, the flavor and aroma profiles will be similar. Often a completely dry wine will

give the impression of sweetness merely because it evokes flavors of fruits we know to be sweet - a little brain teaser. Many of the Chenin Blancs found on hand at a selection of Pueblo stores did have some residual sugar, which is part of what makes these wines a good complement to spicy foods. The sugar in the wine offsets the spiciness in the food and the flavors play off one another to make the combination often even better than either the wine or the food alone.

The other secret ingredient that causes a wine to go well with food is a heightened acidic component. The acid in wine - a positive trait when properly balanced against it's fruit flavors and any sugar in the wine - provides your palate with a sensation similar to that of biting a lemon, which has a mouth-watering effect that both stimulates your appetite and enhances the flavors in food. Acid is especially good for opposing the rich elements of food – a cream sauce or meat with a fair amount of fat in it, for example. Considering that Chenin Blanc usually has both high acid and some sugar components, it's easy to see why it's such a good choice with or before food.

Now I'm certainly not arguing against the virtues of craft beers or national brand lagers – there's a place for them too. But if you don't drink beer (!) or just feel like daring yourself and your friends to go out on a limb with the nightly libations, give these wines a try and see if it doesn't send the night in a new direction. You might just end up the hero. Who wouldn't toast to that?

A scan of local liquor stores with some focus on wine yielded the following choices for Chenin Blanc.
Prices are an average in the local market.

**Dry Creek Vineyard
Dry Chenin Blanc
Clarksburg,
California
2006
\$10.99**

The driest example of the bunch, with aromas of white peach, lemon & herbs and similar flavors also including green apple and honey. A great compliment to savory dishes like roasted chicken or pork.

**Beringer
Chenin Blanc
California
2006
\$5.99**

A pleasant surprise at this price. Aromas of fresh-cut grass and herbs. Tangy and off-dry with green apple, pear and honey notes. This would be a lovely aperitif with or without an appetizer of mild cheeses like gouda or cheddar.

**Pine Ridge
Chenin Blanc-Viognier
California
2007
\$12.99**

A bit of a cheat, since this wine contains 20% of the Viognier grape along with the Chenin Blanc. Very aromatic, with flowers, ripe melon & grass on the nose. A big wine, with ripe pear, pineapple, violet & grapefruit flavors, and a little oak on the finish. A versatile wine that can be enjoyed before dinner and served with pungent Thai or herbed pork roast with equally good results.

**Chateau de Montforte
Vouvray, France 2005
\$13.49**

A good example of a truly off-dry Chenin. Wet stone & citrus aromas, with sweet flavors of mango, peach & wet earth. Would be a nice choice with full flavored, spicy Asian cuisine, and bleu or herbed goat cheese.

**Ken Forrester
Petit Stellenbosch
Chenin Blanc
South Africa
2007
\$8.99**

A good example of South Africa Chenin. Complex nose with grass, pear, pineapple & citrus notes. Full bodied and viscous on the palate with green apple, ripe pear, lemon & lime. Light and off-dry on the finish. Great as an aperitif or served with grilled chicken salad.



DEAREST LEGENDARY,

I love Barrack Obama and so do my friends. It's like, for the first time ever young people have found a candidate they can trust and support. My question is, do you think that lying, racist tool of the white male establishment, Hillary Clinton, will let us vote for the candidate we really love, or will we all have to sit out the next election just like the last two? I mean, how else can we show America that we're really not happy? Respectfully, Sweet Suzie Piercings.

DEAR SUZIE,

I'm glad you and the politically asleep gen-X & Y-ers have finally found a candidate TV-cool enough to get behind. I'm sure you'll throw him overboard the first time you see a little spinach on that million dollar smile. I don't know how you can be expected to support a Baby Boomer candidate with thick ankles, a gappy smile and big white beads on a red pants suit —please! I do, however, respect her for using Chelsea as a human shield against machine gun fire at that airport in Bosnia. You do remember Bosnia, don't you? I fully support you if you don't like the candidates and don't wish to vote; we all yearn for a little assume the position Republican discipline! See you on MySpace. —love, love, love, Legendary P.S.: Don't forget to pop that little red ball in your mouth —it's so cute!

DEAR LEGENDARY,

How bad is the economy? Will it get worse? Whose fault is it? —Worried

DEAR WORRIED,

The economy isn't so bad if you remember this most important of economic truths: There is no problem out of which you can't borrow your way out of... The free marketers will tell you that this is just the market adjusting itself; that the only problem is the government and its infernal meddling —more tax cuts, please! Then out come their septic, grasping little monkey paws: MORE, MORE, MORE, NOW! MORE! (Sorry. Please excuse me, I get carried away.) Imagine Jabba the Hut eating cottage cheese —maybe that will help. —Legendary PS: What does Silverado Savings and George Bush Jr. have in common?

DEAR LEGENDARY, SIR,

I'm an undecided voter. Can you help me? —Undecided

DEAR UNDECIDED,

I'm afraid there is no help for you. There is no part of the world you have not harmed. Word is that an additional circle in Hell has been added just for you - a house you will wander in for eternity trying to find a corner to piss in. Good luck! —Legendary

Is the media running Rev. Wright for President? Why is it that whenever he talks I see Malcolm X lying in a pool of blood?

P.U.L.P doesn't agree with the above commentary but due to discretionary events which are out of our control, P.U.L.P. just has no choice!

Please send your questions to ASK LEGENDARY:

c/o P.U.L.P.

**P.O. Box 102, Pueblo, Colo. 81002
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In my travels I have become a connoisseur of whiskey. Be it Scotch whisky, Irish whisky, Bourbon or rye, it is the warm fuzzy blanket I wrap myself in regardless of my location. My travels have now led me to the seemingly socially isolated burg they call Pueblo. A new bar hopping adventure begins.

So I walk into Al's Ninety Six bar and order a Scotch whisky...

The bartender, a woman in her late fifties, raises one sun-wrinkled eyebrow and says in a thick, Mexican accent, "What are you - European?" She then lists her selection of fine American whiskeys - Jack Daniels and Jim Beam. Not to offend any of the Uncle Jack drinkers, but I would rather lick the tires of a farm truck than let that spittoon slop taint my sensible palate. I opt for and order a Jim Beam neat with a water on the side. Again I get the raised eyebrow. The bartender says to me, "Do you want me to wipe off the bottle before I pour it for you?" I gently explain to her that I would

like a Jim Beam, no ice, and a water on the side. She turns around without saying anything and starts to pour, returning to me with a shot of Jim Beam and a bottle of water. Suddenly my head is filled with the theme song from that old Saturday Night Live skit about the dating service, "Lowered Expectations". By no means do I think of myself as an alcohol snob, but through all my many years of drinking practice, I like my drinks how I like them.

The use of ice tightens the alcohol in whiskey and makes the flavor overbearing. I've found the best way to enjoy a whiskey is to pour it in a rocks glass, add a splash of water (which opens up the flavor while mellowing the alcohol), sip and enjoy. This is a technique I learned from a Scotsman who berated me when he saw me drinking a fine, single malt on the rocks.

Being as I couldn't squeeze a drop of water into the shot glass, I ask the bartender for a rocks glass. She watches intently as I pour

the shot into the rocks glass and add a little water. I sip and begin to enjoy the rest of my evening.

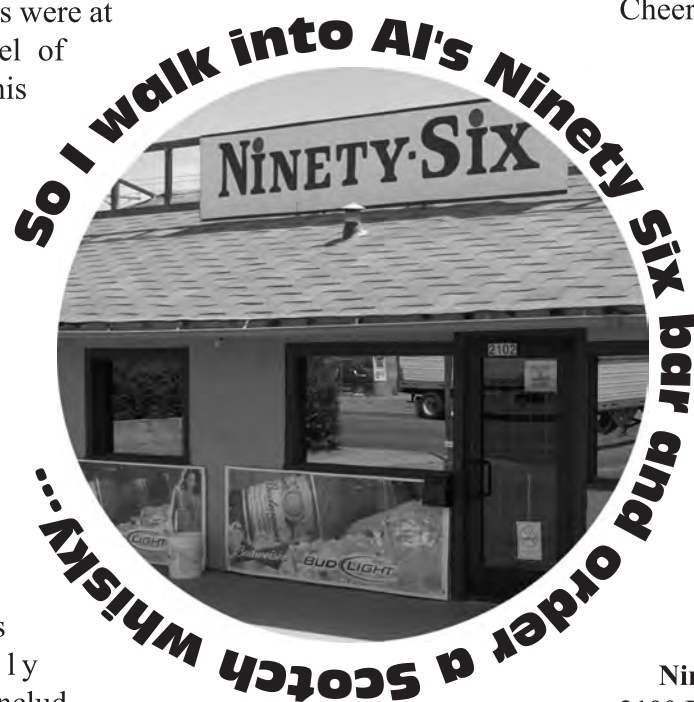
Al's Ninety Six features a pool table, friendly clientele and a television tuned to sporting events. As an avid pool player and sports fan, there is no going wrong in this kind of environment. The pool players were at a high level of talent on this night and provided a nice challenge. As I men-

tioned, everyone there was incredibly friendly including the bartender who accused me of being *Euro-pean*. When I ordered my second

drink, she poured it into the rocks glass, added a splash of water and then gave me a smile and a wink.

When all is said and done, my experience at Al's Ninety Six was a comfortable odyssey with only a few awkward *Twilight Zone* moments.

Cheers! Your
Barfly



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INAIAH

By Danielle N. Cunningham
and Alfredo Kemm

Five or six years ago, Pueblo's underground music scene was mostly lyrically-challenged, mosh-pit punk, dated post-grunge metal and the occasional oddball Indie band. Nothing close to Inaiah (pronounced eye-nay-uh) Lujan's modern Americana/folk sound circulated, but as one of Lujan's influences once heralded, "the times, they are a' changin'."

Lujan was born in Los Pinos, New Mexico, a town he defines by its flow of trains and rural feel. Unbelievably, Lujan's mother endured a miraculous home birth while his father was collecting arrowheads during a rainstorm. Upon seeing his child for the first time, Lujan's father declared him a future musician because of his "abnormally large fingers."

With an envisaged struggle as a musician, Lujan set out to bring it to fruition. He toyed with a Casio keyboard beginning at age four before moving on to more prestigious pianos and lessons. It was at this point Lujan became aware of his innately coordinated ear, making him capable of playing back virtually any tune he hears, even if he

hears it only once. As an impish child, this led to much trickery.

"I'd actually trick my instructors....repeating what they played by ear," he says.

At six, Lujan moved with his family to an American Indian reservation in Arizona where his dad became a teacher. It was here, he says, where he began to appreciate a variety of musical genres, as well as where he taught himself to play guitar. It was a time of intense growth in which Lujan began setting himself apart from others through his musical abilities and beliefs.

"It's a different world on a Navajo reservation, being someone who's seen as an outsider," he says. "It took awhile to win people over."

After dropping out of high school in 2000, the 16-year-old Lujan and his family relocated one final time, this time to Pueblo. He befriended one of his now-former bandmates, Mike Neergaard, and began playing bass for Neergaard's punk outfit, initially called All-American Rejects. Due to legal trade name issues the band gave up that moniker



Collage by B. Hilwitz

and settled on the ironic appellation, A Poor Substitute. The original line-up featured Neergaard (vocals/guitar), Lujan (vocals/bass) and drummer Nick Emery. Bassist Rory Freidenberger joined the threesome in 2001 and Lujan took on a leadership role, playing electric guitar and fronting the band.

Lujan grew up, musically and emotionally, with this band, making and losing friends in Pueblo's volatile and sometimes scarce music scene. Performing at venues like Phil's Radiator and the former C's Corner Arcade on Evans, A Poor Substitute developed a fol-

lowing of fans still loyal today. The band has progressed during the eight years since its inception, as have its members, bridging the gap between angsty teen punk and more mature styles of rock.

Since moving to Pueblo eight years ago, Lujan has been an active participant and a primary impetus in Pueblo's slowly expanding music scene, branching out to other musical media and genres in the process.

Praise for Lujan has increased recently with even The Pueblo Chieftain jumping on the Inaiah bandwagon, branding him "gifted"

(cont.)

and “prolific.” A recent Colorado Springs Independent article described the musician as “a plainly restless soul,” citing his busy project schedule, which includes A Poor Substitute; Southern rock outfit The Haunted Windchimes with sister, Chela, and girlfriend, Desirae Garcia; The Mexican with Chela, brother, Ravi Trujillo, and Garcia; performances as DJ Flow Nase; and stripped down solo work for which he appears under his own name.

The Independent raved about The Windchimes, comparing his collaboration with Garcia to the cult-famed coupling of Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris and suggesting “quite possibly the greatest country blues “family” act since the Carters picked up a Cash ...”

Many musicians show technical mastery of their instrument of choice; and numerous singer-songwriter indie-folk artists bring unique, if unrefined, vocal qualities to their performance. Many of these attempts are successful on an art, aesthetic, or even commercial level. But Lujan’s musicianship and vocal depth set him apart from the majority of musical artists of his generation. With nuanced musicianship, a booming cavernous but not blaring, loamy-textured and soul-informed voice, and lyrics and choices of roots covers that articulate and define a quintessential and mythic American folk idiom, Lujan’s music is too broad and multi-layered in intention and execution to capture and cage in simple black and white.

Lujan’s indie sound being much influenced by American roots blues and folk, and his voice and lyricism reminiscent of his better-known contemporary, Ray LaMontagne, the Haunted Windchimes add a sultry, libidinal, dualistic depth. A distinct but pulsing yin yang outline to the tao is present in his art if not his unwaveringly masculine voice; a multi-chakra energy stream coursing like blood flow in the veins just under the skin... not quite kundalini, but as close as you’re going to get through a surrogate extrinsic stimulus. It’s visceral. It’s emotive. It’s mythic.

Not to be restrained by just one medium, Lujan also receives plenty of airtime from Colorado Springs’ public radio station, 91.5 KRCC, and has played live during the station’s Friday night Springs Culture Cast. It could be just hometown hero hype, or the regional press might be on to something. One thing is certain: Lujan is ambitious.

With a record label in the works, one would think Lujan couldn’t fit anything else into his action-packed existence. But no; this man is a master of time management. He is currently on a summer tour with The Haunted Windchimes and The Mexican, but he’ll be back to performing the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of every month at the Downtown Bar, 103 Central Plaza, when they return this fall. Catch him before he heads out on yet another tour.

☞

A MULTI-CHAKRA ENERGY STREAM COURSING LIKE BLOOD FLOW IN THE VEINS JUST UNDER THE SKIN—NOT QUITE KUNDALINI, BUT AS CLOSE



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ON STAGE

By Johnmark Wiley

A Sampling of the Local Theater Scene

What Pueblo's theaters lack in expensive costumes and elaborate sets, our accomplished thespians make up for in raw talent and passion. Among the offerings are three local troupes that produce more than a dozen shows each season. Check this space each month for upcoming show information and theatrical reviews. For now we will start with a brief description of the three theatrical companies and what they have to offer.

Forty-two years of entertaining performances - that's impossible! But it's true. The Impossible Players first stepped on stage in 1966, and the public has been demanding encores ever since. You don't stay around for that long by putting on mediocre performances.

The "Impies" have moved around a lot in their life, kinda like a little snot-nosed red-headed kid whose father is in the military. But they finally came home for good in 2003. The site of their home at historic 1201 N. Main St. was vacant for many years, but now has new life.

- The Impossible Players are just wrapping up their production of *Lies Mother Never Told Me* by Dorean Yaeger, with assistance from Kathy Pusatory. This play is a hauntingly dark comedy about the lies we tell ourselves and share with our families. Unfortunately, The Impossible Playhouse is taking a summer break; the next performance is scheduled for October.

- Steel City Theatre Company began in 2001 under the name Southern Colorado Theatre Company. You will see a lot of the same faces from the Impies, but S.C.T.C. has a very different feel, often performing edgier and more controversial material.

- S.C.T.C. has just finished their performance of *The Last 5 Years* by Jason Robert Brown; a gripping musical with a story that takes place over five years and parallels the span of a marriage between an actress and a writer. Next up: Neil Simon's *Star Spangled Girl* in the month of August.

- Damon Runyon Repertory Theater was established in 1998 as the brainchild of Sean Briggs, a maverick actor who began his aspirations of owning his own theater at Centennial High School over 12 years ago. Damon Runyon puts on more shows than any other company with nine scheduled for this season alone.

This summer will feature *Into the Woods*, the award-winning musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine. But be forewarned, this is not a play for small children. Usually this play is performed using only the first act, a very PG-rated intertwining of plots from several Brothers Grimm fairytales. However, Damon Runyon will be performing the second act as well, which takes a dark, almost disturbing, turn with lots of sexual innuendo.

So there you have it. For the price of going to the movies by yourself you can take a date and enjoy live theater and feel good about supporting Pueblo performers.

**Into the Woods will run from July 18th thru August 3rd
at the Damon Runyon Repertory Theater.
Check Listings for more information.**

Flick by garrett mumma
an independent commentary on film and culture

TORTURE IN FILM

Ever wonder why on Earth people would pay 10 dollars of their hard-earned money to view torture-porn (e. g. *Hostel*, *The Devil's Rejects*, the *Saw* series etc.)? Personally, I could never understand why someone would voluntarily pay to see someone else brutalized in the most inhuman and perverse ways. I thought they must all be sadists with bad taste in films . . . and then I found myself to be one of them . . . well, sort of.

I went to see *Taxi to the Dark Side* which, like all torture-porn, contains the essential elements of nudity, torture, sexual humiliation and sadism. The only difference is that the events in this movie actually happened and are being done in our name by the United States Government.

Unless you've been living under a rock recently, you may have heard about the latest installment of "Who Approved the Torture?" As it turns out, pretty much everyone in Bush's inner circle was in on it: Cheney, Rice, Rumsfeld, Tenet, Ashcroft and even Powell. Then there was this insightful line from Vice President Dick Cheney after September 11th on *Meet the Press*: "We also have to work, though, sort of the dark side, if you will That's the world these folks operate in, and so it's going to be vital for us to use any means at our disposal, basically, to achieve our objective."

This of course led to the now infamous John Yoo memo that gave the legal cover for the use of harsh interrogation methods (i.e. torture) and argued that many American and international

laws would not apply to interrogations conducted overseas or on "illegal enemy combatants." In other words, in the "new war

In short, this film is about the culture of torture that was created as a direct consequence of the "War on Terror." It starts



Art by Norm Saunders

on terror," it was permissible for us to engage in the same kind of tactics that we abhor when other countries or terrorist organizations engage in them.

So what the hell does any of this have to do with a movie? All of this plays a central role in the 2007 Academy Award-winning documentary, *Taxi to the Dark Side*, by Alex Gibney.

off with the graphic description of what happens to Dilawar, a young Afghan taxi driver who is picked up by American forces in Afghanistan (or rather by the tribes siding with the Northern Alliance who received a bounty for handing over anyone to the Americans, whether they were Taliban fighters or not) and is transported to Bagram Air Force Base for detention.

The viewer hears from the guards involved in the brutal death of Dilawar, as well as some stunning accounts from his fellow inmate, Moazzam Begg, who also endured "enhanced interrogation techniques," was never charged with a crime, and was later released from Guantanamo three years later without ever having received any reason for his detention or any apology thereafter.

Taxi to the Dark Side is not something you go see for entertainment. It is long, dry and comprised almost entirely of filmed interviews and photographs. In fact, this documentary does not so much bring new information to light if you have been following the issue of torture closely in the media (except for a lot of shocking and gruesome photos never seen before from Abu Ghraib), as it succeeds in connecting the dots of torture from Bagram in Afghanistan, to Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq and on to Guantanamo. It is also very persuasive in disproving the favorite "just a few bad apples" theory proposed by many at the Pentagon, and explains how it all got this far. The film presents the viewer with some vital information and implores us to become actively engaged in this issue.

If this is not up your alley, then I would recommend you check out another compelling film that exposes the wartime evils of torture: *The Battle of Algiers*. Set during the Algerian war for independence from France (1954 to 1960), the film won the Venice Film Festival Grand Prize in 1966 and was nominated for two Academy Awards

FLICK

in 1967 including Best Screenplay and Best Director, and again in 1969 for Best Foreign Language Film.

It follows the National Liberation Front (FLN) campaign of guerrilla warfare against French rule and starts out with a series of attacks on French police and escalates to a point where the French Army is sent in to suppress the FLN. From the historical standpoint, the French Army won the actual Battle of Algiers, but the widespread human rights abuses resulted in a country-wide backlash that ultimately drove the French from Algeria.

What sets this film far and above the rest is its utter realism. Director Gillo Pontecorvo and cinematographer Marcello Gatti specifically designed *The Battle of Algiers* to possess the distinct look and feel of a newsreel or documentary. By filming in areas where actual armed conflicts and demonstrations took place during the war, and by mostly using Algerian non-actors, the film possesses an authenticity that has rarely been duplicated in modern cinema.

Pontecorvo and the screenwriter, Franco Solinas, also chose not to have a single protagonist carry the story, and instead created several characters based on real figures in the conflict. Another interesting component of the film is that while there is a certain amount of sympathy displayed towards the Algerian cause, Pontecorvo primarily dealt with the events from a neutral point of view by showing both the horrendous FLN terrorist bombings of French civilians and the torture and humiliation inflicted upon the Algerian population by the French forces.

This brings us back to the point where we started: torture. *The Battle of Algiers* displays images of torturing people with electric shock, simulated drowning and hanging upside down for prolonged periods of time - all in the name of getting information to break the insurrection. As the film progresses, however, *The Battle of Algiers* demonstrates how a battle can be won through overwhelming military force ("Mission Accomplished," sound familiar anybody?), but becomes the catalyst for ultimately losing the war.

Ironically enough, the Pentagon screened *The Battle of Algiers* in 2003 in order to demonstrate how a superpower could "win a battle against terrorism and lose the war of ideas". Apparently, everyone was too busy eating the free popcorn to take notes.

The Battle of Algiers is certainly the better film of the two, as its utter realism causes the viewer to take a less passive view of the subject matter. Also, it's film first and political commentary, subtle and implied rather than explicit, second. It is also the perfect playbook on how to create more of the very terrorists one is trying to defeat by torturing and humiliating the population.

Taxi to the Dark Side, however, documents the dangerous and immoral legacy of torture we have inherited because a few people at the top decided we should be able to *use any means at our disposal* even if that meant having to work "the dark side." Consequences be damned.

☐☐☐



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ROCKIN' REVIEW

Those in the know came out to the Rainbow Bar Friday, May 2, 2008, for the top-notch performance of Denver's garage/punk heroes, The Omens. Hailing from the Mile-High City, the band formed from the ashes of other garage-rock incarnations, The Down N Outs and Element 69. Michael Daboll,

guitarist
extraordi-
naire and
long-time
staple

of the always simmering Front Range rock scene, fronts this four-piece. The formula of sound is simple: neck-breaking guitar riffs, a driving bass and drum beat created by Matt Hunt and Sam Shiel respectively, and a menacing organ brought to life by Eddie Breidenback.

THE OMENS



Having toured in Europe and the Pacific Northwest, The Omens also appeared at South by Southwest festival in Austin this year, and their tour of Pueblo smashed it up. Not sure what to expect at a show in Pueblo, the band was pleasantly surprised by the near-capacity crowd. Difficulties arose almost from the moment the band arrived, with a frantic search for a PA, microphones, stands and cords. Once these hurdles were overcome, problems with the Rainbow's management developed. Thirsty patrons continually imbibed while the band set up, but unfortunately the antsy bar management insisted the show start early. At one point, threats to cancel the show were made unless the band began immediately. Considering the large quantity of drinks being sold, such shortsightedness was quite peculiar.

Once The Omens plugged in however, threats to cancel the show disappeared in the fuzz and scream of these garage punks. The band gave its all throughout the 70-minute set, blasting through eleven songs, mostly from their 2006 Hipsville Records release "Destroy the ESP." The set list included notables such as "Make Time," "Walk Last Night," "5 Years Ahead Of," "Just Fine," "Look Away," "Down on You," "My Brother The Man," "You Can't Come Back," "Won't Be Ashamed," "I Need Your Love" and "Dirty Liar."

During the show the band hurled themselves this way and that, jumping off chairs with reckless abandon and even destroying the cymbals on the multiple tambourine props that round out their sound. As the band tore it up, the appreciative crowd enjoyed the shrills of garage rock played live in Pueblo. Not even the beginnings of a minor tussle - What, a fight in Pueblo? - could dampen the fire fueled by The Omens' sound. Without missing a beat the band played on, and fortunately the Rainbow management didn't revisit the prior threats of cutting the show short.

Once the band broke between sets however, the idiocy of club management again reared its ugly head. Although the bar was still full, and patrons continued to slurp mind-blurring cocktails, inexplicably the band was not allowed to satisfy the crowd's demand for another set of songs. Almost immediately, many left the venue.

Though Pueblo has relatively few places that welcome quality live music, this has not stopped Puebloans from a strong following of underground, obscure music. The crowd who turned out for The Omens demonstrates there is a good sized, thirsty following who will come and support great bands playing locally. Folks from our northern neighbors in Colorado Springs even showed up to support these garage rock champions. To those who complain no live venues exist in Pueblo, I say show up or shut up and support the local scene.

Special thanks to Kevin and Dena Abeyta and Lucky 13 Productions for bringing this memorable show to Pueblo. Hopefully these two will soon have their own venue at which to book great acts to demonstrate there is more to rock than hairspray and spandex.

'Til next time . . . Uno Rockin' Chiconky

TWO FOR \$20 "CHEAP DATES"



by Johnmark Wiley

We all know how it goes. It starts with an over-sized, fried appetizer and, "Sure, I'll get my baked potato loaded," progressing to a few over-priced drinks. Sometimes after going out to a nice dinner, you just feel sick and bloated. The only thing that's lighter is your bank account by sixty dollars. Some international, sit-down chain restaurants spend millions of dollars each year in marketing research just to get every dollar they can from you. Instead, you could be supporting local, family-owned restaurants that will view you as a person instead of a dollar sign.

Angelo's Pizza, at 223 S. Union Ave., which offers an upbeat, New York pizza parlor atmosphere, is a perfect first date restaurant because of its fun and friendly environment. From the classic movie memorabilia to the jukebox loaded with Frank Sinatra, segueing into your favorite Mel Gibson movie or whether or not you like Star Trek. Personally, if I were out at a nice restaurant and my date told me that she didn't like Star Trek, I would just get up and leave. These walls will provide plenty of conversation.

Hopefully, my readers will now have the foresight to ask such an important question as a person's Star Trek stand-point before offering to take that friend or co-worker out to a nice dinner.

Way beyond the crazy crap on the walls is the incredible food that makes this small, locally-owned establishment stand far above the chain pizza places. As a matter of personal opinion, I think Angelo's could serve cuisine in a damp cave because once you start eating, you just close your eyes and begin chanting like a Buddhist monk. Mmmmmmmmm.

To start your meal off right, go with the fresh-baked garlic knots. These little nuggets of joy - small chunks of dough baked in herb and garlic oil - are served with a side of marinara.

Next, order two house salads. This will enable you to try the delicious (an almost criminal understatement) balsamic vinaigrette. Angelo's salads are so good that I was once in Missoula, Montana, and after telling a woman and her husband I was from

Pueblo, she immediately recalled the previous summer traveling through Colorado. She described a certain downtown pizza parlor - Angelo's - and the wonderful salad she had.

Finally, split a calzone. I don't know if it's the fresh dough or the homemade sauce, but the best way to describe it would be to say it's kinda like if you got some love and contentment and placed that inside a dough pocket made of happiness. Also, there's something romantic about splitting a calzone.

One last note, Angelo's also has a second location on the north side of town at 1110 Highway 50 West, and will be moving up the street from its downtown location this summer.

So there; we've done it! For the price of dinner for two at other restaurants, you can eat out three times, or save 40 bucks to buy the gas needed to drive across town.

My last tip is to always tip. Save money by skipping the appetizer or ordering water, but always tip. I have rarely received poor service at any of the locally-owned and operated fine eateries and even after a 20 percent tip, the experience will still cost less than twenty dollars.

And remember, overeating lowers the libido, so when you are ordering that huge appetizer platter thinking that you impress her, you are really just shooting yourself in the foot.

\$\$ Saving Tip:

Forego the soda. If you eat in a place with above average food quality, you should not cover your tongue in high-fructose corn syrup. You might miss out on subtle spice combinations, so stick with ice water.

The Bill:

2 garlic knots	\$3.00
2 side salads	\$3.00
1 calzone	\$6.50
tax & tip	\$3.50
Total	\$16.00



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